Northern Messenger

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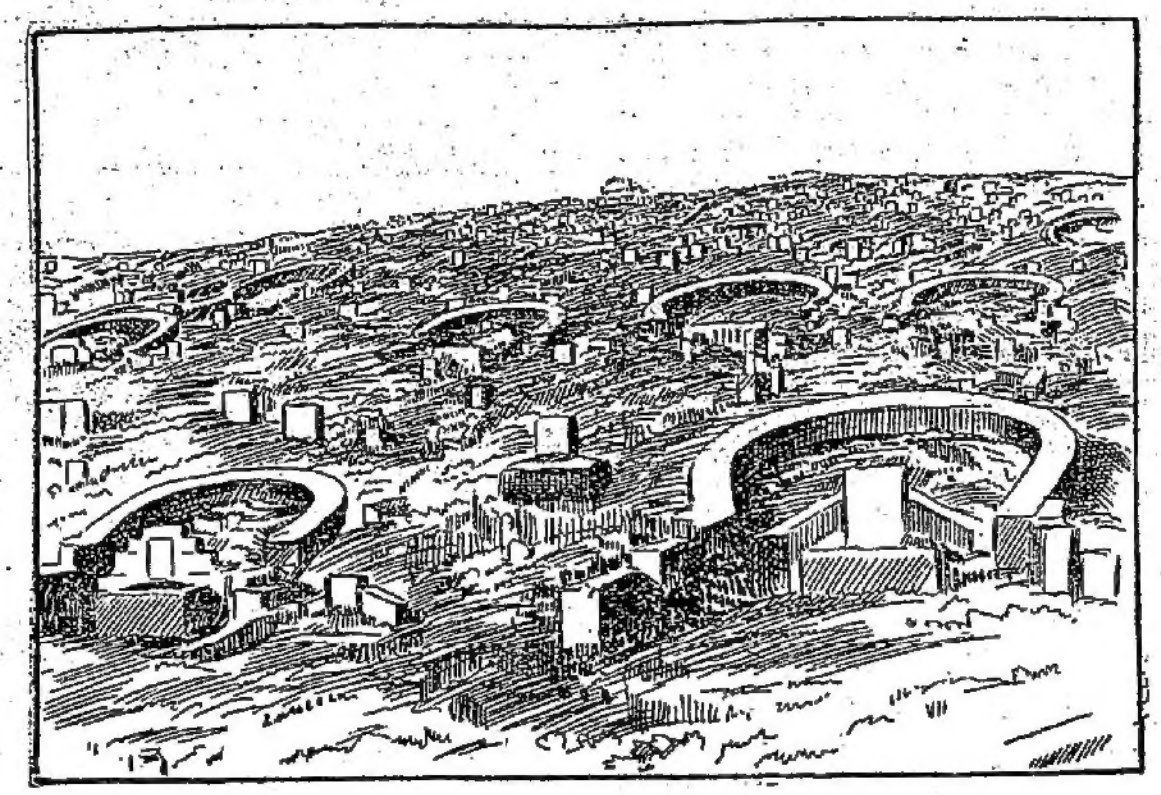
Chinese Reverence for the Dead.

We ran across an interesting book the other day entitled 'The Real Chinaman,' by Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter, secretary of legation, and acting minister of the United States at Pekin. It contains so many interesting facts and presents them in such a practical, entertaining way that we have pored long over its pages. Its pictures of Chinese home life and burial customs are so vivid and instructive that we cannot resist the temptation to note a few. We were not aware that Chinese home life calls into requisition to such an extent as it does all the working ability of every member. The family property is held largely in common, and divisions of it are made only when the male head dies. All members of the family, old and young, male and female, take part in the labor. If it is a farm, all go to the fields together at daybreak and spend the day at work. Women work like men. Mr. Holcombe says that he once saw a Chinese farmer holding a plough which was drawn by a cow, a donkey, and his wife, the three harnessed and pulling together as a common team.

Some months ago Rev. J. H. Worley sent an ancestral tablet and some photographs representing a Chinese cemetery. One of these photographs we have had engraved. It represents a section of a grave hill showing horse-shoe graves and the rest house, where coffins are kept till 'lucky day' and places are found. Thousands of acres around Foo Chow are occupied by these burial places. It is the dream of the Chinese life, no matter how far one may roam from the native haunts, to be carried back, dead or alive, to the solemn ancestral ground where the spirit may receive worship from the on-coming generations of descendants. The Chinese often provide themselves with coffins years in advance of death, and often pay visits to the spots where the coffins are stored to see that their coffins are safe and in good order. This carefulness as to a future resting place, and the sacred regard for the spirit-life of ancestors as shown in the worship of tablets and in the burning of joss paper, which costs millions of dollars in China every year, is certain proof that the Chinese believe in the continued existence of the soul after death. They are disturbed by the fear that should their bodies not receive the benefit of burial in the ancestral ground their spirits may be doomed to perpetual exile among strangers and amid cold, hunger and desolation. The ancestral tablet is found in every Chinese home, and obeisance before it is made daily. It is nothing but a strip of wood a few inches long set into a wooden base. The top of the strip is carved to represent a human face, and bearing an inscription to show its purpose. The more formal sacrifice which occurs twice a year at the tombs is more elaborate and expensive. The grave mounds are cleared of grass and weeds. A table is spread. Offerings are laid upon it for the comfort of the spirits. Fire-



A CHINESE GRAVE HILL.

crackers are discharged, and the gilt joss money is burned in large quantities. After spirits have appropriated as much of the offering as it is supposed they can, the persons making the offering appropriate all that is left. The extent of the sacrifices in these solemn burial hills is limited only by the ability of these poor, deluded pagans to indulge in the useless and foolish custom.—'Christian Advocate.'

Let Your Light Shine.

Between the island of Skye and the mainland is the isle of Raasay, to the north of which is the small islet of Rona, on which stand a single farmhouse and a few laborers' huts. A widow, who rents the island, lived there, and had done so for many years past. Her husband had been a seaman as well as a farmer. He owned a small vessel, in which he made constant trips to Skye or to the mainland, to sell the produce of his farm. No happier couple could be found than Archibald Macfarlane and his wife. Archibald was a good specimen of a western islander—tall, strong-limbed, though spare in flesh, and with a remarkably intelligent countenance. He was kind, open-hearted, and honest—a converted, God-fearing man,—making the most of the few religious privileges he enjoyed. Rarely could a minister of the Gospel set foot on this far-off rocky island during the oft-recurring gales of winter.

Archy himself fearlessly crossed the channel to the kirk at Portree; but he was unwilling to expose his wife to the fierce wind and rain, or driving sleet, which she would often have to encounter. Still, whenever the weather was even tolerably favorable Archy's little craft, with his good wife on board, might be seen coming out of the harbor by early dawn on the Sabbath, bound for the capital of the 'big island,' as Skye was designated by them. To them the small town of Portree was a large city; the island of Skye, compared to Raasay, an important country.

Archy not only traded to Portree, but to many other places along the coast of the mainland, and to the numerous islands which stud those seas. Sometimes, when waiting for a cargo, or detained by a foul wind, he was absent from home for several days together. When Margaret expected his return at night, it was her custom to put a lamp in the window, which looked down the loch, so that, however dark the night, her husband might have little difficulty in making the mouth of the harbor.

'Fare thee well, wife,' said Archy one day, as he was about to step into the boat to pull out to his little vessel which lay with her sails loosed in the centre of the loch. 'Maybe I'll be back to-morrow, or maybe I shall be longer, but you'll be on the look-out for me, my good wife, whenever I come.'

Margaret promised, and intended to keep her promise. She fancied that Archy would return the following night, and placed the lamp in the window; but he did not make his appearance. On looking into her oil-can in the morning she found that her stock of oil was exhausted. On endeavoring to procure more oil, not a drop was to be found on the island. Before night arrived, the wind got up, and it blew a fierce hurricane. 'Archy will surely remain snug in the harbor to-night, so there would be no use keeping the lamp burning, even if I had the oil,' she said to herself. The wind lulled a little during the day, but the following night the gale blew as furiously as ever. 'He'll surely not come to-night,' again said Margaret, though her heart misgave her, and, conscience-stricken, she felt very sad, till at length, overcome with the fatigue of her household toils, she fell asleep. From this sleep she was awakened by the fury of the storm, and, getting up, she lighted all the candles she could collect, and placed them close to the window. They flared wildly with the wind, and some of them were blown out, and the fast-returning day showed that they were useless. The day wore on. 'There is something floating in the loch, mistress!' exclaimed Jenny, the servant-girl. Margaret looked out. It was the mast or spar of some vessel. Two of the men were despatched down the side of the loch to ascertain if there were other pieces of wreck. Margaret stood on the shore watching the spar as it drifted slowly on.

Her heart sank within her. She felt that she had not been attending to her duty—

she had been careless in not having kept a sufficient supply of oil in the house. Jenny came out to her mistress. The gale was blowing fiercely in their faces. The spar was driven close up to the rocks, together they dragged it on shore.

'Oh, mistress, what is this?' exclaimed Jenny, showing a black silk handkerchief which had been tightly secured to one end. Margaret examined it with pale cheeks and trembling hands. There could be no doubt that it had belonged to her husband. Her fears were confirmed by the men, who returned from their search, bringing with them a small keg which they recognized, and a piece of plank, which they were also certain had formed part of the missing vessel. On a rock some way out lay a wreck, but in vain had they searched for any signs of the crew. There could be no doubt that Archy Macfarlane and his companions had met with a watery grave. At length information was received that Archy had sailed during the lull in the gale, remarking that with the light from his own little lighthouse he could make his harbor as well by night as by day. Margaret was bowed down with grief and remorse. At length she sought for comfort whence alone true comfort can be obtained—from the God of mercy and love.

'I have done very wrong, and have brought this heavy affliction on myself,' she said. 'My fault I cannot undo. Still, I may save others from the fate which has overtaken him I loved. From this night forth, as long as life is spared me, I will place the lamp in the window, and be careful to have a good supply of oil in the house with which to feed it.'

The bereaved widow kept to her purpose; and many a storm-tossed barque steering by that steady and guiding light had been saved from shipwreck, and found shelter under the cliffs of the loch. At length, so well known did the widow's lighthouse become, and so great was the service it had rendered to shipping, that the committee of Lloyd's (the well-known association of marine insurers) voted her a testimonial—a new lamp with reflectors, and an annual sum to defray the expenses of the lamp.

We all of us, if we would be Christians indeed, are bound to keep the light of truth we possess burning brightly at all times; for we know not what storm-tossed fellow-creature on the voyage of life may be looking out for the guidance we are able to afford. What think you our blessed Lord meant when he said. 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven'? That you should trust in him and love him, and that you should prove and exhibit your faith and love by showing the effect which his blessed example and teaching has on your life and conduct; that your religion should ever be kept burning brightly; that you should go constantly to the throne of grace for that power of God's Holy Spirit which alone can keep it burning.

Self-Control.

Sir Isaac Newton had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond. Being one evening called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned the lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labor of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age, was irreparable; but, without at all punishing the dog, he only exclaimed, 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done.'

A harsh minister was in conversation with a placid elder, and the elder said to him, 'Doctor, I wish you would control your temper better than you do.' The doctor looked at the placid elder, and said, 'Sir, I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years.' It is harder for some men to be right than for others. The same amount of grace that would lift you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down.

A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the stairs, 'Tell that rascal I am not at home.' The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said, 'Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind.'

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, said: 'I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?'

'Friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spake loud, and I thought, if I could control my voice, I could repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.'—'Day of Days.'

Mixing the Mortar.

An earnest minister used often to say to the young people of his congregation: 'Work, my lads and lassies, wherever you are put; for all labor, even the lowliest, if well and faithfully done, will ennoble the one who does it.'

Several years ago, when the great cathedral of Cologne was finished, there was a great stir all over Europe. Four centuries had been occupied in the erection of this wonderful building, one of the most magnificent in all the world. People flocked from all directions to take part in the grand ceremonial of rejoicing. It was a large and a brilliant and fashionable crowd. But right in the midst of some of the grandest people stood a humble workman, with torn clothing, dilapidated hat and shoes all out at the toes. As he stood there, with his eyes glowing as they took in all the noble proportions of the building, he was heard to exclaim:

'Oh, yes, indeed, we have made a glorious building of it!'

'Why,' said a gentleman who overheard the remark, 'what did you have to do with it?'

'I mixed the mortar for a year,' was the proud reply.

That is it. We cannot all be builders. Sometimes we may not be able to place even one brick upon the structure. But we can each and everyone help mix the mortar for others to use, for certain it is that if the mortar is not found mixed the building itself cannot be built.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

My Favorite Hymn.

(Written for an Evening for Favorite Hymns recently held by the St. Andrew's Christian Endeavor Society, Cheltenham.)

When asked my favorite hymn to name,
  My best-loved song to cite,
Bright memory set my heart aflame,
  And joy impelled to write:
That hymn of many is the best
  Which tells of what I am
Through his great love who gave me rest
  From foolishness and sham.

'I was a wandering sheep,
  I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
  I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
  I did not love my home,
I did not hear my Father's voice,
  I loved afar to roam.'

In language plain is here portrayed
  The way my youth was spent.
Perverse and foolish sheep that strayed,
  I knew that life was meant
A path to form that leads to God,
  And Heaven and righteousness—
Yet giddy pleasure's courts I trod
  And joy'd in wickedness.

'The Shepherd sought his sheep,
  The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
  O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
  Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
  He saved the wandering one.'

His loving voice unheeded passed
  Till tempest clouds did lower,
And then how welcome was the sound
  To one so bruised and sore!
New life and hope his glad words bring,
  New joys replace the old,
And all my days I mean to sing
  This song so well re-told:

'Jesus my Shepherd is;
  'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
  'Twas he that made me whole.
'Twas he that sought the lost,
  That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
  'Tis he that still doth keep.'

But if through weakness, pride or lust
  I yearn again to roam,
Kind Shepherd, show me what it cost
  To bring the wanderer home;
The thorn-crowned head, the wounded side,
  The anguish deep and long,
The cross of shame, God's face denied,
  The mocking of the throng.

'I was a wandering sheep,
  I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
  I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
  I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
  I love, I love his home.'

—C. H. Smith.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 25, Sun.—God shall wipe away all tears.

Nov. 26, Mon.—They shall hunger no more.

Nov. 27, Tues.—Now is come salvation.

Nov. 28, Wed.—They overcame by the blood of the Lamb.

Nov. 29, Thurs.—They loved not their lives unto the death.

No. 30, Fri.—Rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.

Dec. 1, Sat.—Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Ciimbing the Cocoanut Palm

(By J. K. Bloomfield.)

In the genial climate of the Pacific, in and about the Marquesas Islands, cocoanut palms grow in abundance and are in a very flourishing state. Their tall and stately columns reach often more than a hundred feet from the ground, and without a single limb or protuberance to assist in mounting, it would seem almost impossible to secure the much desired fruit. Certainly the simple, indolent appearing natives would lead one to suppose they must wait until the ripened fruit drops of its own accord.

And this possibly would be the case were it not that the young fruit, encased in a soft green husk with the tender meat adhering to it, contains in this state a soft jelly-like substance which the natives greatly

prize. We, who get the cocoanut in a hard, dry form, have no idea of the fruit in this delicious creamy state, though we have heard of it as being eaten by travellers from the shell with a spoon, as we would eat soft custard from a cup.

A traveller, in describing how some young natives with perhaps more flexible frames than their comrades, or a more courageous spirit, have a way of walking up the trunk of a cocoanut tree, says: 'To me it seemed a little less than miraculous, and when looking at them in the act, I experienced that curious perplexity a child feels when he beholds a fly moving feet uppermost along a ceiling. I will endeavor to describe the way in which Naranee, a noble young chief, sometimes performs this feat for my particular gratification. But his preliminary performance must also be given you.

'Upon my signifying my desire that he should pluck the young fruit of some tall tree for me, the handsome savage, throwing himself into a sudden attitude of surprise, feigns astonishment at the apparent absurdity of the request. Maintaining this position for a moment, a strange emotion depicted on his countenance softened down into one of humorous resignation to my will, and then looking wistfully up to the tufted top of the tree he stands on tip-toe, strechings his neck and elevating his arms as though endeavoring to reach the fruit from the ground where he stands.

'After continuing this performance for a moment or two, as if in expectation that the fruit was going to be tossed down to him by some good spirit in the tree-top, he scampers off the distance of thirty or forty yards. Here he remains a while eyeing the tree, the very picture of misery, but the next moment, receiving as it were a flash of inspiration, he rushes again toward it and clasping both arms about the trunk, with one elevated a little above the other, he presses the soles of his feet close together against the tree, extending his legs from it until they are nearly horizontal, and his body becomes doubled into an arch. Hand over hand and foot over foot Narnee then rises from the earth with steady rapidity, and almost before I am aware of it he gains the cradle and embowered nest of nuts, and with boisterous glee flings the fruit to the ground.'

This mode of walking the tree is only practicable where the trunk declines somewhat from the perpendicular. This, however, is almost always the case, some of the apparently straight shafts of the tree leaning at an angle of 30 degrees. The less active among the men and many children of the valley, we are told, have another method of climbing. They take a broad and stout piece of bark and secure each end of it to their ankles, so that when the feet, thus confined, are extended apart, a space of a little more than ten inches is left between them. This contrivance greatly facilitates the art of climbing. The band, pressed against the tree and closely embracing it, yields a pretty firm support.

'In this way,' says a traveller, 'I have seen little children scarcely six years old fearlessly climbing the slender pole of a young cocoanut tree, and while hanging, perhaps fifty feet from the ground, receiving the plaudits of their parents beneath, clapping their hands and encouraging them to mount still higher. I remember an adventurous little fellow, Too Too, who had built for himself in the picturesque tuft of a tree adjoining a native's habitation, a sort of aerial baby-house. He used to spend hours there rustling among the branches and shouting with delight every time the strong gusts of wind, rushing down from the mountain-side, swayed to and fro the tall, feeble column on which he perched.—'Child's Paper.'

A New Use for a Pin-Cushion

In the room of a girl friend the other day we noticed something which especially interested us. To the pin-cushion, which occupied the central position on the dresser, was pinned a short poem, evidently clipped from some newspaper. And the poem happened to be the 'Recessional,' which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now, a pin-cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, however grand or beautiful, and we looked to our friend for an explanation.

'I always have something I especially want to know pinned to my cushion,' she said, smiling, 'and when I'm brushing my hair or adjusting a collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead.'

Now this girl, as we happen to know, is a very busy girl, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, a favorite with other young people, and we had been surprised to hear her spoken of as 'so well-informed.' We wondered how she *found* time to acquire her information, but the pin-cushion revealed the mystery. She had learned the art of utilizing the minutes. —'English Paper.'

The use of tobacco leads, generally, into the degrading habits of intoxication, drunkenness and ruin, as naturally as the streams flow to the ocean. The violation of one of our physical laws, those of the body, creating an abnormal state of the system, is followed by a series of violations, each exceeding its predecessor in turpitude, almost or quite of necessity, leading to the worst possible consequences.—Dr. J. H. Hanaford.

Hannah Lamond.

(By Professor Wilson.)

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge, heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farmyards. Never before had the parish seemed so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle and song.

But the trees threw the shadow of 'one o'clock on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women and children collected under grove and bush, and hedgerow; and the great Being, who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal home on many a thankful heart.

The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, swooped down, and flew away, with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose; and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at service. 'Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!' was the loud, fast-spreading cry—'the eagle has ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!'

And many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain. Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The eyrie was well known, and both the old birds were visible on the rocky ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands, rooted to the ground, or running backward and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings. 'What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!' and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie, Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight.

'Only last week was my wee sweet wean baptized!' and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would be dashed to pieces.

No stop, no stay. She knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hand strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. 'The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?' Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes!

All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the frantic mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—not dead, as she had expected, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field!

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry. 'It lives—it lives—it lives!' and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees, far, far, down, and dwindled into specks; and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro!

Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here she must die; and, when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And these horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more!

Where, all this time, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant-sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared not look on the swimming heights.

'And who will take care of my poor bedridden mother?' thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, 'God.' She looked around, expecting to see an angel; but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so far down was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the rocks, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff.

Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the face of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to that fearful ladder.

Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees! And hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death, but of deliverance. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth. The psalm was hushed; but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and, lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! 'Wild heights,' thought she, 'do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths; for oh, even in the brute creatures, what is the power of a mother's love!' and, turning her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and, for the first time, she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred and chasmed, was yet accessible, and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of Glead's Cliff.

Many were now attempting it; and, ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their fellow creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough. She hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded a silence, deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and now that her preservation was sure; the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there, or anywhere, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on the Lord's Day, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the church!

'Fall back and give her fresh air,' said the old minister of the parish; and the close circle of faces widened around her, lying as in death. 'Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms,' cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. 'There's no a scratch about the puir innocent; for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger of God in this thing!'

Hannah started up from her swoon, and, looking wildly around, cried, 'Oh, the eagle! the eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter!' A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes and smiting

her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice. 'Am I wauken? Oh, tell me if I'm wauken, or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?'—'Alliance News.'

Ant Babies and Ant Cows.

'Mercy, child, come out of that!' screamed the stout Nancy, country-bred guardian of my youthful walks, when, wearied out with the moist warmth of the balsam-scented woods, I threw myself down on a tussock of moss to rest. So heartily scared was the expression on her usually stolid face that I jumped up in a fine fright, looking all about for the dreadful monster which must be bigger than any beast I had yet seen in the country, to put to route the massive Nancy; but in spite of her exciting pointing I could discover nothing animate except some tiny, brown, leggy insects which were swarming out of an old-looking heap, bare amid the surrounding verdure, and pitted all over with holes such as might have been made with raindrops. In my hurry to rise I had jabbed my little parasol ferrule right into the heart of the hill, and evidently the unsuspected population were rushing forth to see what was up, and no doubt to punish the destroyer of their city if they could get hold of her. Their excitement and distress were so obvious, as they scurried hither and thither among each other, that my interest was aroused, and I bent nearer to watch them, deaf to the adjurations of my guardian, who continued to warn me that the 'nasty varmints' would bite me all over, 'bad's a swarm of yaller jackets.'

I was but a little thing, and new to the country and all the wonderful things that lived in it; and I soon became absorbed in the fascinating study of the pismires (which was the local name for ants). My parasol had laid bare numberless tiny cells and galleries with their helpless ocupants the ant babies, in their several stages of egg, grub and chrysalis; the ants were toiling to carry these away to places of safety. How I wondered at the sight! The little white balls, like pearl barley, were almost as big as the ants themselves, yet each seized one in its mouth and marched off with it; if the road became too steep for her to manage it alone, in a twinkling several others were round it, some pushing and some pulling, with perfectly harmonious action, till it and they disappeared in some gallery leading to the unharmed portion of the nest. I overwhelmed poor Nancy with questions which she could not answer, all the way home; but when I broached the subject to grandpa, what a fairy gate it was which he opened for me!

First, he gave me a simple lesson on the structure of the ant; then, we hied us forth in search of him living, and it would be hard to say which was most eager in the quest, the old man or the child. For he had the sunny heart of him who prizes all living things as wonders from the hand of the Creator, and the ways of the tiniest insect were a never-ending source of delight to him.

We halted in a patch of wild blackberries, and he drew down one of the slender stems and showed me a leaf on its tip which was pursed up into a hollow ball, though still green and succulent.

'I expect we'll find Madam Ant milking her cows here,' said grandpa.

'Her cows? O glampy!' cries the child with big eyes.

'Ah, you'll see stranger things than that,' says the old man nodding gayly.

He made me look inside the leaf through his magnifying glass, and I saw a plot of green plant lice (aphides was their proper name I was told) standing as close as they could pack, with a number of the common little garden ants among them, busily engaged in stroking them with their 'feelers,' as I called them. Often an aphis would give out a drop of moisture, which the ant would greedily drink up; it was for these drops of sweet liquid—'honey dew,' the naturalists name it—that the ants collected the little creatures together on a juicy leaf where they could feed, curving the leaf round them for a shelter by some curious process of gnawing the fibres. While I looked, more ants arrived, carrying young aphides which they added to the herd; they licked the little captives very tenderly and brushed them down with their clever antennae as if to show them that they need not be afraid, although they were carried off. Grandpa told me that the eggs and young of the aphides are often found in ants' nests, and that they care for them just as they do for their own young.

Apropos of this matter I may mention a fact which I observed last summer, and which I have never seen noted by any naturalist. I discovered a herd of the black variety of aphides ranged along the tender tip of a grapevine stem, big, soft, well nourished-looking corporations, with their usual companions the ants patiently stroking their fat sides. Curious to know whether they stayed there of their own accord, or if they would gladly decamp if they had the chance, I gently passed a pin under the hindmost aphis, meaning to remove it to another leaf and observe its actions. But although I lifted it quite off its feet, the head refused to follow; in fact, I could not move it from the spot without applying force which might injure it. The ants meanwhile were scurrying about in great excitement at the intrusion of the pin; they trod recklessly upon the bodies of their captives, which yet remained rooted in their places. I now had recourse to my magnifying glass, and found that each aphis was fastened down to the vine by the nose; one after another I tried to lift them from their moorings on the pin, but I could only make them stand on their heads, with the hinder legs helplessly kicking in the air; they were tethered fast. Query, was this a voluntary attachment, or were they actually bound down by the ants?

In the light of my subsequent observations of the colony, I must own that I suspect the latter to be the case, notwithstanding the fact that I have not seen such a manoeuvre mentioned by better authorities than I. The popular idea seems to be that Madam Ant is invariably kind and careful of the welfare of her little green and black cows. What then can one make of the following?

Day by day I visited the tethered herd with the invariable coutingent of expectant ants manipulating them; and day by day I saw them dwindle away from the prosperous corpulence of their first estate till they were reduced to mere hollow, colorless skins, which the wind blew away. Were the ants guilty in this case, or am I mistaken in some point of my observations? I should like to know the truth.

The ant has her own ruthless destroyers of which I noticed two. I used to see a peculiar little fly (genus phora) hovering above the hills of this same species of ant (lasius niger). When the ants appeared, down darted the flies upon them, and though the contact might not have lasted a second, the luckless ants each carried off in his body the seed of cruel, lingering death. The phorae plant their eggs in the body of the ant, whose vitals serve as the food of the hatched out larvae till he is left as hollow and lifeless a shell as he left the body of his victim the aphis.

The other insect enemy of the ant which I have seen at work is a species of mite. These fasten on the head of the ant, preying upon his juices till they are sometimes as large as the head they cling to. Strange, indeed, it seems that creatures so small should have their parasites!

'Some fleas have other fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and these fleas have smaller fleas, and so on ad infinitum.' If cleanliness could give immunity the ant would have no parasite. A more scrupulous little creature does not breathe. They are continually 'sprucing up' in the intervals of labor, either themselves or each other. It is 'as good as a circus' to watch one suddenly drop down on its knees before another, and hold out its head in the most expressive manner. The friend falls to work obligingly, licking and sponging and brushing; the head finished, the limbs are presented in turn; and could any words express more luxurious satisfaction than the way in which the client yields herself, limp and supple to the operator, rolling gently over to get her sides done, and even lying on her back to get the full benefit of the massage! One can almost fancy he hears the luxurious sigh of content, and sees the shrewd little face half close its eyes and relax its muscles.

But our little heroine is seen at her best among her babies. It is one of the anomalies with which nature loves to puzzle us that these devoted nurses of the ant babies are not even their mothers but the nurses or workers of the community. The queens alone lay the eggs from which the population of the nest is periodically replenished; but having laid them, she rests on her laurels, and the devoted nurses take entire charge of the young through all the successive stages of egg, larva, pupa, and finally the young ant. Day by day the nurses carry the embryo baby about the nest in search of the proper temperature; they stand round them for hours licking them to keep them moist; every day they bear their charges into the presence of the queen as if to claim her approving inspection, ranging them in even phalanx before her, and when they remove them, retiring backward with true courtier reverence for royalty. The time comes at last to bite open the pupa case and let the new-born ant free; the delicate cobweb shirt is tenderly stripped off him, and he is washed, and fed from the mouth of the nurse with half-digested food she has prepared for him. As he grows older he is carefuly educated in the laws and customs of the community, and led about through the intricate labyrinths of galleries and cells till he can find his own way; but not till his tender skin hardens, and his mandibles are strong is he permitted to leave the nest to join the fighting ants which go forth to battle or to forage.—Annie Ashmore, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Advice to Cyclists.

Don't take intoxicating liquors when at work. They have a nasty manner of getting into your legs and making you lazy, in fact, taking all energy away. The best advice I can give is to drink as little as possible; wash the mouth out with a little cold water. Don't gulp big quantities of drink down; it doesn't quench the thirst, but overloads the stomach. A little soda water and milk is by far the best thing I can recommend. It quenches the thirst, does not stimulate it as most drinks. The more you drink the more you want is the rule if you go in for alcohol.—'Cycler News.'

Goodfellow Bill,

(By Clara Payne, in 'Union Signal.')

It was a raw, misty evening. The streets of the little town of Coburn were for the most part dark and deserted, but from the windows of Brown & Son's fine new establishment the light streamed cheerily out into the street as though to invite men to a closer acquaintance with what lay on the other side of those gilded doors.

Within little groups of men were scattered about, busy with cards or idle talk. The glasses clinked merrily, and whenever the door swung back to admit some newcomer, a whiff of tobacco smoke flew out to greet him.

Shout after shout of laughter rang out from one group in particular, as half a dozen young men listened to the stories and songs of Goodfellow Bill, otherwise and less familiarly known as Will Goodman. 'I s-shay, boys,' he was saying, his tongue a little thick from the effect of a bottle of wine, 'I s-shay, most eight o'clock. Temperance meeting up to the church. Le's go and get converted and join the p-pledge. C'm on if you're goin' with me.'

Their steps as unsteady as his own, three of his boon companions rose and followed him. With laugh and jest they approached the one little church that Coburn could boast, but something hushed them into silence as they entered.

Was it the voice of Mark Wallis that moment lifted in prayer, or was it his earnest face? Be that as it may, Bill Goodfellow and his followers were awed into silence. The voice of the speaker grew more and more earnest till at last his words fell with some meaning on the dulled sensibilities of the wretched drunkard on the back seat.

'O Lord,' the prayer went on, 'help those who are held by the devil in the bonds of strong drink. Lord, I have been there myself, and I know that without thee one is helpless in the chain of alcohol, even as the little weak child is helpless in the paws of the lion. If there is one here to-night whose life has been blighted by this terrible evil, oh, come thou, enter into his heart and life. Lord, I know, because I have been there, how much the poor drunkard has need of thee. As thou hast saved me, help me to bring others to thy saving power. Amen.'

After the prayer someone sang. Who it was or what they sang, Bill Goodfellow did not know, for the one thought that found its way through his clouded brain was, 'Been there, been there himself.'

Every eye was upon the speaker as he rose. Briefly he told of his boyhood home, of the training of a pious mother, of the example of a true and noble father.

'That's me, boys, that's me,' Bill might have been heard to mutter once or twice had not all present been too intently listening to the man 'who had been there,' to heed so wretched an object as Bill.

With a voice of unutterable pathos the story was told of the first glass, taken in order to be like the other boys. Of the second glass, just to be sociable. Of the glasses that followed because at last an appetite held sway over reason, and demanded another and another, and yet another.

Tears came to the eyes of many as the picture was held up to them of a young man of promise, of good parentage and a Christian home, adrift upon the world, drinking, ever trying to drink out the sound of his mother's voice begging her boy to return to his home and to his God.

After all the story was told of the two years of life as a drunkard, and then the wonderful redemption through the power of Christ, those present were urged to sign the pledge. A few did so; a middle-aged matron and her blooming young daughter, two young men who were staunch workers in the church, a little group of schoolgirls —that was all. Though scores had wept, and every heart ached at the recital of the speaker, there were few to act when the call came.

'There are those here to-night,' entreated Mr. Wellis, 'who are in the brigade of strong drink. Oh, friend, Christ wants you to come to him. He wants you to give up this evil. Will you not come forward and sign this pledge? To sign the pledge is the only sure way to free yourself from alcohol. Don't delay, sign it now.'

Now Bill had sobered up enough to know that someone was asking him to sign his name to something. What that something was he did not rightly comprehend.

'I'm going, boys,' he said. 'Be great joke on the old man.'

Up the aisle he reeled, and while the lecturer was engaged with an old lady who wanted to know if he thought there could be alcohol in cider, Bill signed his name to the total abstinence pledge, reeled down the aisle, out of the door, and had vanished into the darkness before the audience had begun to recover from its astonishment.

Morning dawned clear and bright. Bill was sober now, and trying to remember what had occurred the night before. Surely he had been somewhere he had never been before, but where or why his memory refused to make known.

A rap at the door interrupted Bill's reverie, and he called out in a jovial way, 'In with you!' expecting to behold the person of some companion in his drunken revels; but to his surprise there appeared in the doorway a young man, neatly clothed, clean shaven, clear eyed.

'Good-morning, Mr. Goodman,' said Mr. Wallis. 'I see you do not remember me. I am Mark Wallis. I lectured last night at the church. I dropped in this morning to tell you how very glad I was to see you sign the total abstinence pledge last night. I—'

'Hang it all, what do you mean?' demanded Bill, uneasily. 'I sign a pledge? You're a little mistaken, I should think. When I do'—and Bill uttered a terrible oath—'just let me know. You've mistaken your goose, that's all.'

Now here was a state of affairs that rather took Mark Wallis aback. He had rejoiced over this one sinner that had repented more than over the half-dozen that needed no repentance, and here was the supposedly repented sinner saying he had not repented!

'Mr. Goodman,' began Mark, but again Bill thundered:

'Hang you! I'm a man of my word—any of the fellows will tell you that. I never signed a pledge. They tried some such game on me when I was a little shaver, but I fooled them. Show me my name hitched onto any pledge, and I'll keep it.'

Now here was a point gained, and Mark was quick to grasp it. He drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with 'Will Goodman' written in sprawling characters below the total abstainer's pledge.

Bill took the paper and read it through once, twice, then again. He examined the signature carefully; there could be no mistake, it was his own name in his own peculiar handwriting.

'When did I do that?' he asked, in a quieter tone.

'Last night at the church,' was the answer.

Then Bill Goodfellow, the drunkard, the tough, he who had faced death many times and never flinched, who had deluded himself into the belief that he had drowned memory in strong drink, laid his head upon the table and cried.

Mark Wallis, one hand on Bill's shoulder, pitied and prayed for him as only one who has been weak and become strong, can pity and pray for one who has been strong and become weak.

What a pitiful, yet familiar story it was that Bill told. It was the old story of a mother's counsel rejected, her love spurned, and of far wanderings from the straight and narrow way.

'For five years,' said Bill, 'I've travelled about drinking and gambling, wanting many times to quit it all and go back to the old home and a better life, yet always putting it off till some other time. In all those years no one has ever spoken to me as you have to-day. No one has seemed to care whether I sunk or swum.'

All the bright morning hours the men sat and talked, heart meeting heart, for one had been where the other now was.

That same day Will Goodman began his journey back to the old home and the grey-haired mother who still awaited him, for he said, 'I am a man of my word. I will never touch drink again, but I cannot let it alone among the old companions. When I signed the pledge, drunk though I was, alcohol and I parted company forever.'

In one of the far eastern states, in a little village nestled among the hills, there is a sweet-faced old lady who is always ready with word and work in the temperance cause, and who, as she kneels every night at her bedside, thanks God for her son who was dead and is alive again.

Mildred's Luxury

'What will Mildred do?' 'How can she bear it?' 'How hard it all is!' So Mildred Lawson's girl friends exclaimed over what they called her hard lot. No wonder it seemed sad and hard! It was the old story of loss and changes, but it was a new story to this family, and Mildred's part of the burden seemed peculiarly heavy. 'To think,' said one of the girls, 'that Mildred must go away now, when her mother is so far from strong! How anxious she will be! And then there is no certainty about her finding work to do. Her friends in the city only promise to do all they can to find something for her.' So the friend went on lamenting, and all the rest bewailed Mildred's lot. But Jean Fraser, the most intimate friend of all, talked with Mildred herself. 'You will have to give up so much and do without so many things!' she exclaimed, with passionate sympathy. 'You don't know how things will come out either. Oh, it is so hard!' But Mildred's young face was bright as she answered her mate: 'Mother has made me feel,' she said, 'that I have one great luxury left that is worth everything. She calls it the luxury of trusting. She says there is a wonderful rest in simply believing that God will keep his word and bring out everything right, and then leaving it to him to do it. Of course, when we see just how it is to be there is no faith needed; but when there's nothing else to do but trust, we can try the luxury of leaving it all to our Father. I mean to try it, Jean.' And she did. She had many an opportunity to fall back upon this one luxury, and she was richer in faith because she was poorer in other things. The luxury of simply trusting is within the reach of all. Who will prove its rest and comfort?—Julia H. Johnston, in 'Classmate.'

Day and night, Sunday and weekday, liquor continues its ruinous work.

Two Sales.

(By W. R. King.)

Several young men came into the store. They were an awkward, laughing, tumultuous group, seeming very much out of place among the ribbons, laces and yards upon yards of dainty fabrics displayed upon all sides. As they negligently lounged on the counters or subsided, in picturesque attitudes in the chairs, eyeing everything with amazement and ill-concealed amusement, one of their number took a minute sample from his pocket. He contracted his brow to recall some half-forgotten message.

Lena Chapman, a recent arrival among the employees in the establishment, was sent forward to wait upon them. It was 'awfully jolly,' she thought, helping this big pleasant fellow to match his sample with a spool of silk while all the others crowded around, looking very knowing and full of suggestions. They gaily bantered each other, and quite easily entered into conversation with her. Lena was not personally acquainted with any of them, but as this was a simple matter of business, she did not at the time think it wrong to freely smile or talk, and readily responded to their humorous raillery. At length the sample was satisfactorily matched. With many profuse thanks and a good deal of laughter, the young men went out.

It had required almost a quarter of an hour to accomplish the sale of a spool of silk, and the counter was in a bad state of confusion. Colors, numbers and sizes were apparently inexplicably mixed. While Lena was endeavoring to bring order out of this chaos, and still thinking of the pleasant young men, Miss Lang approached. This lady was the head of the department. As she spoke, the smile faded from Lena's face.

'I don't think it was necessary for you to be so sociable with the young men—did you know any of them?'

'No, Miss Lang,' responded Lena, discreetly saying as little as possible. Her cheeks began to burn. Several suppressed giggles told her that the other girls were appreciating her embarrassment. But Miss Lang calmly continued:

'I imagined that they were old friends—you seemed so glad to see and talk with them. Lena'—in a kinder tone—'there is such a thing as being too affable. Remember this, and not give your customers too much time or display goods so recklessly.'

At that moment she was called away, just as a hasty and thoughtless answer sprang to the girl's lips. The more Lena brooded over the incident, the more she believed that her superior had been over-severe, anxious to show her authority and humiliate her. Some of her companions made sport of the affair in a mild way, and this added to both her resentment and embarrassment. She went home that evening with the half-formed resolution of leaving the store. But a night's rest weakened the idea, and though she felt that she had been subjected to unnecessary ridicule, yet she determined to wait.

On boarding the car in the morning she was forced to occupy a seat immediately back of two young men. They were busily and loudly engaged in conversation. Lena drew her veil over her face.

'I tell you,' said one of the young men as though he had been contradicted by the other, 'she is easy to get acquainted with.' The passengers in front inquisitively looked around, while those in the rear of the car stretched their necks forward. Lena felt her cheeks redden. She was thankful the veil concealed her features.

'How do you know all this?' inquired the other.

'Oh, we fellows went into the store where she works. Ollie Fenwick had to match a spool of silk for his sister. Why,' he continued, laughing in an unpleasant manner, 'she was as bright and cordial as a fellow could wish. The next'—

At this stage in the talk they left the car and entered the grounds of the Bulkely High school.

When Lena entered the store the other girls wondered what caused her to be so quiet and obliging, so eager to do her full share of the work and assist generally as much as possible. At first Miss Lang, with a deep knowledge of that mystery—a girl's disposition—was suspicious, but she soon realized that Lena was sincere, was making an honest effort to please, and trying to recover the prestige lost the day before. So she was taken back in favor.

Several days later, the same crowd entered the store. This time they needed ribbon. Lena started to make a hasty retreat, but a look from Miss Lang caused her to change her mind. She quietly approached the customers, apparently not seeing their elaborate bows. The transaction was short and very businesslike. Lena maintained her dignity and self-possession, waited on them as quickly as possible, seeming not to hear their jests or see their smiles. The young men intuitively comprehended the situation; they soon went out, solemnly closing the door without looking back.

They were utterly discomfited. Lena returned to her work feeling that she had acted wisely, modestly allowed them to understand their mistake, and had learned a valuable lesson for herself.—'Christian Standard.'

Light in the House.

One morning, many years since, a missionary was busily employed giving away tracts outside some barracks, and, speaking a word here and there to one and another who would listen. Some jeered and laughed, but a few appeared to receive the word with gladness.

Among these was a fine young fellow, with a sparkling and intelligent countenance, who came forward and said he had been deeply impressed by the missionary's serious and affectionate exhortations. 'I should be glad to have a Bible,' added he naively; 'but indeed I have not a penny left in my pocket.'

'Never mind that,' said the other kindly. 'If you desire a Bible so much, I will give you mine'—and, with a smile, he held out his own, which he much prized, to the young soldier.

No sooner had he done so than the surrounding comrades broke into loud laughter, which the young man echoed as he cried: 'You are nicely sold, my fine fellow! I bet a pot of beer that I could soft-soap you, and I've done it, too'—emphasizing his words with a sneer.

The gentleman stood aghast at the other's audacity; then, turning towards him, he said sternly, 'Give me back my book; its pearls shall not be cast among swine. You would trample its precious truths under your feet, and make a mock of my Master. Shame upon you!'

The young man appeared silenced at first by these words; then, recovering himself, with a volley of oaths he broke out again. 'What!—you would give a present and then wish it back? No, you shall not have it. A gift is a gift, I vow'—and he began lighting his pipe with its pages.

'Keep it—keep it,' said the gentleman; 'but remember, those are the words of him who cannot lie. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! You despise his words now, but there will come a day when he will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh, unless you repent. He is a consuming fire to the blasphemer.' With these holy words the preacher left the barracks.

Years passed away, and the circumstance was almost erased from his memory. He was traveling by the night mail to the north. The train stopped at a busy junction, and a man got in—a bearded soldier, who looked as though he had seen foreign service. Scarcely had he seated himself when he started, and gazed at his companion in astonishment.

'Sir—sir,' he said, seizing the other's hand, 'don't you know me?'

'No; I have not that pleasure,' said the gentleman in great surprise, regarding the newcomer earnestly.

'Oh, but I can never forget you, sir, and all I owe to your goodness. Don't you remember the soldiers in the barrack-room at C— ten years ago?'

'Yes, I do,' said the other, having a faint recollection of the man's face.

'I am that man who insulted you, sir; but, thank God, the same, and yet not the same, for I am a new creature in Christ Jesus.'

'How is this, my friend?' cried the gentleman, eager now in his turn, returning the handshake with interest. 'Tell me all about it.'

'Well, sir, after you left, I went on worse than ever, and made a blasphemous mock at sin. I tore nearly all the leaves out of your Bible, at one time or another, to light my pipe, and then threw the rest of it into my locker, and thought no more about it. A year afterwards I fell ill, and was very near death. 'Twas then that the thought of my sin preyed heavy upon my mind; but I durst not tell anyone, and as I grew better I became even more wretched, if possible, than before. One day, as I was turning over my kit, I came upon the torn Bible. The first words that caught my eye were: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." Chief, thought I; then there is a hope for me. Thank God, I am not too bad to be saved; and I read on. It was peace, life, and joy. I took God at his word; I believed that my sins, which were many, were all forgiven—— I get out at the next station.'

'My dear fellow,' said the gentleman, 'our acquaintance must not end here. Give me your address. Your story is balm to my soul. I shall go on my way rejoicing with more faith and courage than heretofore.'

'If we sow, we shall also reap, if we faint not.' Blessed are they that sow beside all waters; yea, in season and out of season. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it again after many days.'—Annie M. Lainson.

When Frances Willard was conducting a great campaign in one of the states on the issue of license or no-license, a liquor dealer said to his supporters, 'We are bound to win; we have the drinking men on our side; we have the foreigners on our side; we have the money on our side; and money is power, and don't you forget it.' Two nights later Frances Willard said in the same hall, 'We are bound to win; we have the women on our side; we have the Christian Church on our side; we have God on our side; and God is power, and don't you forget it.'

Wilber's Meadow Lark.

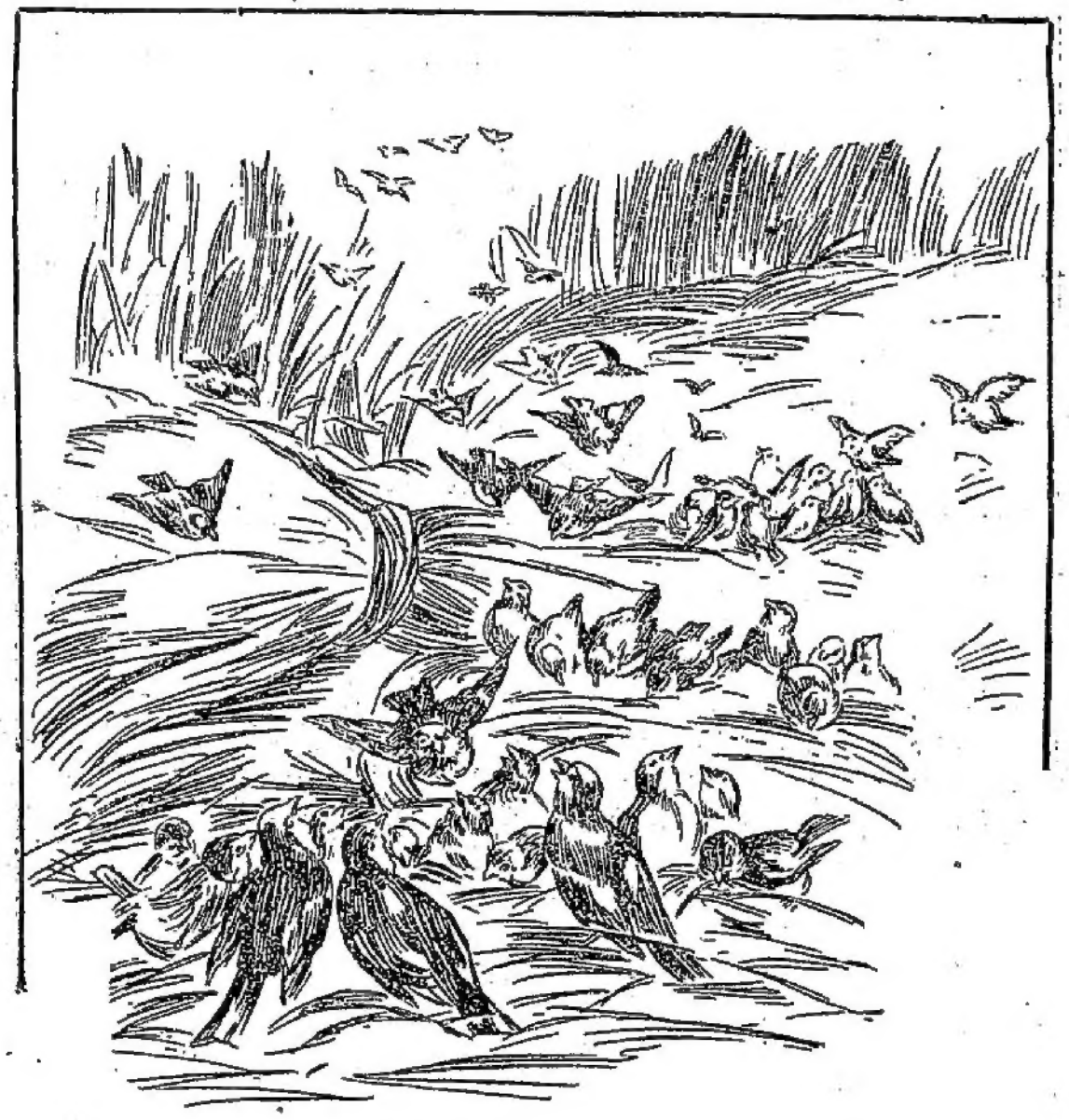
(Source Unknown.)

'See what I have!' It was the hired man who spoke, and he held in his hand a good sized bird with a long bill and a bright yellow breast. These were the points that Wilber noticed particularly at first.

'Where did you get it,' he cried, his eyes dancing with delight at the prospect of so close an examination of an unknown bird—that is, unknown so far as the boy himself was concerned.

'Down in the corn crib. It had taken refuge there from the heavy rain, I suppose.'

'Do you know what it is?' Wilber



asked as he proceeded to get the struggling creature into his own hands.

'Why, it's a clape—some folks calls it a flicker; others call it high-hole, because it builds its nest so high up in a tree,' said the man, with great confidence in his own knowledge of the subject. Then he went off to his work, leaving the prisoner in Wilber's possession.

Wilber was visiting his Uncle John in the country, and he had determined while there to make a study of the different birds around the place. There was a book in the library which gave a full description of our common birds, and the boy was greatly interested in the volume. 'I'm going to see if the book agrees with the real thing,' he said to his Aunt Catherine.

A few moments later she found him puzzling over the description of the clape. 'Why, it doesn't seem to be right, somehow,' he remarked, looking from the bird to the book, and then back again to the bird, 'this creature has a yellow breast, and the book says lilac-brown. Then the book says a half moon on its breast, but on the bird it looks more like a crescent. Say, Aunt Catherine, do you suppose the man really knows?'

'Possibly not; he's never studied the subject, and may have made a mistake. That goes to show that "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Look in the book for a bird answering to the description of that one.'

Presently Wilber exclaimed, triumphantly, 'I have it! I have it! I'm sure of it now, for the book describes it exactly. It's a meadow lark, and I'm very glad to make its acquaintance. See, its back is bright yellow, with a large black crescent. There is a yellow stripe over the eye, and one on the crown. That's it! I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Meadow Lark. We've sung about you so much at school that it really seems like renewing an old friendship.'

'The bird doesn't appear to share your pleasure,' said Aunt Catherine with a smile.

'No, it's trying its very best to get away. Where can I put it, auntie? Oh, there's the little garret that isn't used for anything now. May I keep the bird in that?'

'I have no objection to your putting it in the garret, but I'm afraid it will not live long inside. Ted and Joe when they were up here one summer tried to keep some robins and sparrows in the house, but they soon died.'

'But they were kept confined in cages. This one will have plenty of room to fly around.'

So the bird was put up into the little unused garret; but instead of being contented with its new home, it flew to the windows as if in terror, and began to beat its wings against the panes.

'I'll go down and let it get accustomed to the place,' thought Wilber, after he had put a small pan of water and a little food on the floor.

An hour afterward he went up for another inspection. The bird was still flying frantically against the windows in its effort to escape. So Wilber went away again, still hoping that it would become used to its new quarters. The next time he paid a visit to the meadow lark it did not fly away at his approach, as it had done before. It was resting on the window sill, and it merely raised its head in a dull sort of manner, and then hid it beneath its wing.

'Can it be sick?' the boy wondered.

Very soon his question was answered, for a short time afterward he found the bird dead on the sill where he had left it.

'After all, I'm afraid it was cruel to try to keep it up there,' he said to his aunt and uncle as he stood before them with the poor little dead body in his hand; 'from this time I'm going to study them out-of-doors.'

'That's where God means them to be, right out in the glorious sunshine,' was his uncle's grave reply,

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What a Penny Can Do.

During the Zulu war, several regiments were very suddenly ordered out to the Cape, as reinforce-

ments to the English troops already there. Among these men was a young fellow, very hearty and cheerful-looking, to whom the scripture-reader at Chatham, after shaking hands in token of farewell, gave a little brown Gospel, value one penny. The man thanked him, and hastily thrust the tiny volume into his pocket. He thought little about it throughout his long sea-voyage; but was kept from throwing it away, as it had the scripture-reader's name and address written on the fly-leaf.

They landed at Durban, the port of Natal, and were at once ordered up-country, and this soldier found himself, in time, one of the small garrison, under Col. Pearson, who were shut up in Ekowe. Here for ten weeks, surrounded by their fierce enemies, in dread of starvation and death, they bravely and successfully held out. In the meantime, what had become of the brown gospel ?

When marching to the front, soldiers leave all unnecessary baggage behind them, and carry only what is called a 'field kit,' which consists of a change of clothes and boots. So our soldier's heavy Bible was left behind. But the little gospel was no weight, and, though unread, he carried it still in his breast pocket.

During those long siege weeks he bethought himself of it, and began to read it. By-and-by he came to see a new beauty in it; and this we believe was the result of prayer offered by the scripture-reader who had given the book, and by many others specially interested in our soldiers. It was the Gospel of Mark, which records more of the minute occurrences of Christ's life than any other. The little gospel brought new light to the soldier's heart, and it was eagerly borrowed by one and another of his comrades, read aloud by camp fires, and reverently treasured by all.

When Lord Chelmsford's relief column was signalled by the heliograph, and joy filled every heart in that little fort, in the speedy prospect of deliverance; and when relieved and relievers marched out of Ekowe, the little gospel was not forgotten; but, thumb-marked and worn it was carefully preserved and is to this day that soldier's constant companion. He writes to the reader who gave it to him: 'The little gospel has been my friend and companion through all the campaign. I will never part with it, because through it I have learned the love of Jesus, and am happy in him.'

Never think anything too small to give to God. For, if you give with a loving heart and with prayer for a blessing, your penny, too, may accomplish a like, or even a greater good work. God, indeed, seems to love to bless the work of little things.—'Children's Messenger.'

Dorothy's Golden Text.

(Minna Stanwood, in 'S.S. Times.')

Miss Ryder had the primary class. Every Sunday she hung up two gorgeous Golden Text boards. They were made of stiff, black cardboard, and had the name of every child in the class painted in bright colors. Under each name was a small gold star for every text the child said. When one had said ten texts, a big gold star was put on the board. The children loved to say the texts and see the stars go on, and Dorothy most of all. She had more big stars than any child in the class.

One Sunday it stormed so hard that only three of the biggest children could go to the class. But the next Sunday Miss Ryder said that any child who could say the rainy Sunday text should have a star for it. Some of the children did not remember that particular text, but they said other texts that they could remember, and Miss Ryder put the stars down for them.

'Now it is Dorothy's turn,' said Miss Ryder. 'Can you say last Sunday's text, Dorothy?'

Dorothy looked much ashamed and shook her head.

'Well, never mind. Say any text you can think of,' said Miss Ryder encouragingly. But no. Dorothy hung her head, and would not speak

'I am sure you remember the text beginning "In him was life,"—don't you?' went on Miss Ryder kindly. She wanted to give Dorothy a star, you see.

Dorothy nodded. She did remember that text, but she would not say it. Miss Ryder coaxed, but Dorothy would not speak. It was a sad time. Miss Ryder felt unhappy over it. So did Dorothy, for she kept her six-year-old head low on her breast all the rest of the hour.

After Sunday-school, Dorothy walked home like a very forlorn small woman. When she saw her Aunt Ella's kind face, she rushed up to her, and threw her arms around her neck.

'I couldn't say a text that I said once,' she sobbed, ''cause I'd said it once, and got a star for it. I didn't think it would be fair to get two stars for one text.'

'Then why didn't you tell Miss Ryder, dear?'

'I couldn't tell anybody but you, 'cause the other children said texts over twice, and it might hurt their feelings,' went on Dorothy, in a flood of grief. 'But I made Miss Ryder sorry.'

Then Aunt Ella promised to tell Miss Ryder how it was, and that comforted Dorothy a little. Still her whole Sunday afternoon was rather clouded, because every little while she would stop to think how strange it was that she should have such a sorrowful time when she was only trying to do right.

When Miss Ryder heard, she said she was proud of Dorothy, because she would rather have her children listen to the Small Voice in their hearts than say a hundred golden texts. She said she hoped Dorothy would always hear that voice, and have courage to do just what it told her to do.

Ten Minutes.

We are but minutes—little things !
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track ;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes ; yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares ;
Take patiently the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes ; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell ;
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

—'Waif.'

LESSON IX.—DEC. 2.

The Rich Young Ruler.

Matt. xix., 16-26. Memory verses, 23-26. Read Matt. xix., and Luke xvii.

Daily Readings.

M. Entering—Luke xviii., 10-17.
T. Hesitating—Luke xviii., 18-25.
W. Following—Luke xviii., 26-30.
T. Some Peril—1 Tim., vi., 1-21.
F. A Necessity—John iii., 1-16.
S. A Definition—John xvii., 1-8.

Golden Text.

'Children, how hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!'—Mark x., 24.

Lesson Text.

(16) And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (17) And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. (18) He saith unto him which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness. (19) Honor thy father and thy mother; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (20) The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet? (21) Jesus saith unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me. (22) But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions. (23) Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. (24) and again, I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. (25) When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved? (26) But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

Suggestions.

The rich young ruler who ran to ask our Lord what good thing he should do to obtain eternal life, no doubt thought himself sincere. He was in earnest or he would not have run to meet Jesus (Mark x., 17), nor have knelt to ask him the great question. He was rich not only in this world's goods, but in character and influence, rich in innocence and strength.

Why callest thou me good? asks Jesus,—There is none good but one, that is God. Therefore if Jesus Christ is not God he has no claim to any title of goodness. But he accepts the title Good Master, as it is his divine right and goes on to answer the question. Salvation can not be purchased by one good deed, nor by any number of good deeds. The Lord Jesus enumerated to the young man those commandments which had to do with his conduct toward his fellowmen ending with the summary, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The young man answered with complacency, that he had always kept all these commandments.

Our Lord's demand was simply for a proof of the fulfilling of those commandments—if the young man truly loved his neighbors as much as he loved himself, surely he would be willing to sell his property and divide it amongst his destitute neighbors, what lesser proof could he give of perfect love toward his fellowmen?

It was a severe test but a just one, and if the young man had been perfectly sincere in his questionings he would have gladly accepted the conditions. This young man had doubtless considered these things before, he knew that at the call of Christ, Matthew had left his remunerative business of taxgathering. Peter had left his fish nets, and the other apostles had laid aside their avocations that they might be free to closely follow the Saviour and to hear the gracious words that fell from his lips. Therefore he was not unprepared for our Lord's demand, still he had dared to hope that there might be some other way for him, he longed for the blessing but shrunk from the cross. He came to the gate of decision (as the Israelites came to the entrance of the promised land, Deut. i., 19), but his love for worldly goods overcame his desire for the eternal good, and—he went away sorrowful.

This young man of great possessions is a type of the best class of men to-day in whom the aspiration after immortality (*the natural dower of every true man*) is awakened, but not yet saisfied. Treasures of culture and refinement, treasures of a clean life and high ideals, the outward keeping of the law and self-satisfaction, treasures of popularity and confidence, treasures of time, talents, health and strength—these are the great possessions which, to the mind of many, constitute in themselves a claim on God for eternal life. Not so says the word of God. Salvation can not be bought by good conduct, nor by good surroundings, nor yet by hard work, all of these are as ineffectual as gold itself would be. The righteous God has included all men under sin that all might be saved (Rom. iii., 20-23; x., 12, 13.

A man who trusts in his riches (no matter what they are) has his eyes blinded to the true riches (Rev. iii., 17, 18). A man who willingly forgoes his chance of laying up treasure in heaven is like the man with the muck-rake, mentioned in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' whose attention was so fixed on the dust and debris in which he sought for treasure that he could not see the bright shining crown which a pitying angel was holding just over his head. A man who trusts in riches is a mammon worshipper (Matt. vi., 24), he cannot carry his possessions beyond the grave.

The term 'eye of a needle' refers to the narrow gate in the city wall through which merchandise was brought into the city. The camel had to have all his burdens removed before he could pass through. In like manner, he who would enter the kingdom of heaven, must lay aside all self-sufficiency, all trust in riches or attainments of any kind, and, unburdened and untrammelled, pass through the gate from the land of bondage and evanescent pleasures of sin, into the glorious liberty of eternal life.

God does not call upon all holders of property immediately to disperse their goods to the poor. Some men are poor entirely through their own sins, and if given money would simply spend it on liquor or lose it in gambling. Gifts of money would have been no blessing to the prodigal son when he was in want, but would probably have been to him a curse, leading him into deeper sin and forgetfulness. There is no merit in giving money away recklessly, though whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard (Prov. xxi., 13). The key to the whole matter is that God demands of each one of us faithful stewardship of our possessions, be they in gold or influence, strength or talents.

Questions.

Who came running to meet Jesus?
What did he ask?
What requirement did our Lord make of him?
What claim did the man make?
What proof of sincerity did our Lord demand?
How did the man meet this demand?
What was it that stood between him and eternal life?
What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

C. E. Topic.

Dec. 2.—Spending time and taking pains for Christ. Matt xxv., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TAKING TIME.

Mon., Nov. 26—Use of time—Eph. v., 16.
Tues., Nov. 27—Plan for life Heb. viii., 5 (last clause).
Wed., Nov. 28—Jesus serving us. Matt., xx., 28.
Thu., Nov. 29—Doing for Christ. John xii., 26.
Fri., Nov. 30—God blesses our work. Ps. xc., 17.
Sat., Dec. 1—Other reward. Dan. xii., 3.
Sun., Dec. 2—Topic—Spending time and taking pains for Christ. Matt., xxv., 1-13.

The Sunday-School and the Mother.

Mothers send their little ones to Sunday school to be taught about Jesus; but if the mother is not helping them to live Jesus day by day all that teaching may be brought to naught. To be lasting and vital there must be hearty and earnest co-operation between the teacher and the parent. The mother must supplement one hour of religious teaching by seven days of practical religious training.

In our little Sunday school kindergarten the mothers are becoming so interested in what their children are doing that scarcely a week passes without some testimony of a practical nature. One tells me, 'My little girl is becoming so helpful!' another, 'There is a wonderful change in my little one!' And all this is the result of practical talks that we have together before going home. We usually make practical the lesson story by talking about how we can help mother during the week. One little girl is going to help with the dishes; a dear little four year old is going to dry the silver; a sturdy boy proudly says, 'I will carry the coal for mother!' and even a little three-year-old thinks that she will pick up the threads and pins from the carpet. Her mother is a dressmaker. It would certainly do the mothers good to hear their little plans.

Then we instruct them to tell mother a part of the Sunday-school story—that is, if she will listen. And the mother that will not listen is not only robbing her child of heart joy, but checking his intellectual and spiritual growth. She must not be surprised if she awakes some day to find that she has lost the confidence of her child. Wherever the mother becomes a ready, anxious listener, in that home we are finding one of Jesus's 'little lights.' The pastor has just come in, saying that one of our little girls, seven years of age, is not only bringing the mother to Jesus, but has also opened up three homes to the church.

Perhaps it may be hard to get a child to tell you anything about the happenings in the Sunday school. But this ought not to discourage, for probably the boy or girl has heard so much that the little mind is confused. Then ask him to tell you just one thing that happened at Sunday school, or ask, What did you hear about Jesus to-day? In so doing you have given him definite food for thought. After you have asked about the Sunday school, then plan together how the little one can help through the week that he may live the truth learned. For example, some pleasant surprise for papa, like having his slippers ready when he comes home tired and weary from work. Tell your child how Jesus, when a little boy, was always ready and willing to help Joseph in the carpenter shop. This makes the Christian living practical and definite.—'Congregationalist.'

Home Work.

The primary teacher who is willing to give afternoons or evenings to children, and who is trained in some skilled work, like drawing, wood-carving, sloyd or sewing, may teach a good deal more than actual accomplishment of actual work. None of us can measure the priceless value of a kind of work which makes the children careful, painstaking and conscientious in smallest detail. This quality of work results in the same quality of mind and thought. The children's surroundings begin to take on the color of their careful work. Their increase of hand faculty, which has been conscientiously pursued, ends in an unconscious increase of faithfulness in the detail of home tasks, and in conscientious thought for those who are in the home. A certain gentle, quiet music teacher had a system peculiarly her own of making her children exceedingly accurate and painstaking in their piano lessons. After months of drill, parents thanked this teacher for her work, saying: 'Your instruction shows in everything the children are doing. You are giving them a most valuable moral training.'—Miss Peck, in 'Sunday School Times.'

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

7. Q.—What did Cardinal McCloskey, of New York city, declare in regard to the use of intoxicants?

A.—That abstinence from intoxicants was the only true temperance, and he cited Christ's abstinence in the agonies of death as teaching the doctrine. (Mark xv., 23.)

8. Q.—What did Archbishop Manning, the representative of Roman Catholicism in Great Britain, urge?

A.—He urged that entire abstinence from all intoxicants was the only hope of saving the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races from physical and spiritual degeneracy.

9. Q.—What does Canon Farrar, of the English Church, say of ancient wines?

A.—The simple Bible and ancient wines were less deadly than the stupefying and alcoholic drinks of the present time. The Bible and ancient wines were more like syrup, and all of them when taken were diluted with water.

10. Q.—How much alcohol did they contain?

A.—Usually about four or five parts out of one hundred, while the wines of to-day contain four times more alcohol.

11. Q.—What does the Rev. Dr. Patton say about alcohol in wine?

A.—He says:—'That alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine or ale, or whiskey, and is killing the race of men.

'Stay the ravages of this one poison, alcohol, and king of poisons, the mightiest weapon of the devil, and the millennium will soon dawn.'

12. Q.—What does Dr. Henry Monroe, of England, lecturer of medical jurisprudence, say about alcohol?

A.—'That alcohol is nowhere to be found in any product of nature, was never created by God, but is essentially an artificial thing prepared by man through the distinctive process of fermentation.'

13. Q.—What does the great philosophic thinker Philo, who wrote about forty years after the birth of Christ, state in regard to the prohibition of wine to priests?

A.—He says: 'The prohibition of wine to priests was given for most important reasons, that the use produces hesitation, forgetfulness, drowsiness, and folly.'

(To be Continued.)

The Harmless Glass of Beer.

If any of our readers have been hearing that beer and ale are innocent and wholesome beverages, we commend to their consideration the following testimony from scientific sources, regarding the effects of the habitual use of fermented liquor. The first is from Sir Henry Thompson, one of the foremost physicians of Europe. On one occasion he made this observation:

'I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which few people are aware of. I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate.'

From the 'Pacific Medical Journal' we quote the following:

'A whiskey-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor; a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders, deliberately planned and executed without passion, or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers. We believe, further, that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits, — first, because the habit is constant, and without paroxysmal interruptions which admit of some recuperation; secondly, beer-drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than the spirit-drinking; and, thirdly, because the animalizing tendency is more uniform and the vicious results are more generally transmited.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

How Drink Blocks Business.

A writer in the Glasgow 'Herald' says,under this caption: 'There is perhaps no class, unfortunately, more addicted to liquor drinking than the cast-iron pipe molders. At present this particular branch is very busy; but I greatly fear that the men, with a few worthy exceptions, do not realize the benefit which they might have of good and constant wages, and thus be able to put by money against a rainy day. This view of it was the other day put before me in a very strong and painful light. I had occasion to be round among several pipe foundries looking after placed orders, and also with a view to place some more, but by one and all I was told the same dreary story of habitual drinking with its attendant irregularities on the part of the workmen and the utter impossibility to be able to promise deliveries. One foundry manager said to me: "Well, in the present run of things I can only say that it will take about four to six weeks to deliver your order, but if you can stop the whiskey I will promise the whole within ten days, certain." At another works the manager said: "Look here, there should have been six sets of men working on that place, making 100 to 120 pipes per day; as it is to-day, only two sets are there, making thirty to forty pipes." "And where are the absent men?" I inquired. "On the booze," he replied, "and they will come back only when their money is all done."'

Alcohol.

A.—AVOID ALCOHOL.
B.—Battle with it.
C.—Call it anything but a blessing.
D.—Dread it.
E.—End its existence.
F.—Fight it.
G.—Get away from it.
H.—Hate it.
I.—Intensely fear it.
J—Join the pledge never to swallow it.
K.—Knock it over.
L.—Look not upon it.
M.—Meddle not with it.
N.—Never taste it.
O.—Out and out against it.
P.—Prove it to be a sham.
Q.—Quaff it not.
R.—Raise money to oppose it.
S.—Sow teetotal seed continually.
T.—Touch not 'the cup.'
U.—Use no wine, not even home-made.
V.—Vie with others to undermine its power.
W.—Woe follows the using of it.
X.—'Xpect no blessing in it.
Y.—YOU are wanted to seal its doom.
Z.—Zanys keep on drinking it.

'League Journal'

Gin and Handcuffs Go Together.

When Sir William Brandforth Griffith was governor of the Gold Coast, says an exchange, he paid a visit to King Quamin Fori, and that monarch preferred one request, namely, that Her Majesty's Government would instruct the merchants of Addah to pay for palm oil in cash instead of in gin, to which the governor replied that he could not interfere with the course of trade, king after king preferred the same request, but each in turn received the same answer, and one of the native chiefs, with sore heart overflowing with the bitter irony with which baffled purpose speaks, replied; 'Send us, with your gin, a plentiful supply of handcuffs; they go together.'

Correspondence

The letters this week are some that were mislaid a few months ago, but perhaps they will be just as interesting now. (Correspondence Editor.)

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school, and am learning very fast. I have a number of lessons to learn every night. I have just taken the third reader, and like to read in it very much. Our school is large and the interior attractive; among the pictures we have a very large one of Miss Frances Willard.

NANCY, aged eleven.

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I go to day school and Sunday-school. Miss Hawley is my teacher in both places. I love to study sacred history, we have it every morning. This morning I repeated the Apostles' creed and several passages from the Bible.

EMILY, aged 9.

Pleasant Vale.

Dear Editor,—We have a library in our school. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' I like to read the 'Correspondence,' I go to Sunday-school. I have four brothers and one sister.

ANNIE, aged 7.

St. Elmo, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school. I have two sisters and one brother. We have one dog called Collie. My birthday is in April. I have a mile and a half to go to school. We have three miles and a half to go to church.

GRETTA J., Aged 8.

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I live in the county of Brome, and am 12 years old. We have a good school and teacher. I live about one mile from the school-house, and there is no snow-plough here. It is very hard walking. I am very much interested in the war, and hope our people will win.

EARL RUSSELL F.

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in a nice village, and there is a hotel, and two stores and many dwelling houses. I have a cat, and his name is Trotter. One night he got shut out in the cold and he came to the window and said Maria-e-e-e, and that is my second name, so we let him in. I have three dolls and their names are Dora, Ruby, and Dolly-Dimple, and they have many dresses.

HELEN M. F.

Brome, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much, especially the Correspondence part. I go to school every day. I live about two minutes' walk from the school. I live on a farm and I have a colt named Dixie. Do your little writers usually write more than once? I shall close now with best wishes for the 'Messenger.'

MILDRED.

Glen Sutton.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I go to school. I study geography and arithmetic. Mamma took the 'Messenger' for me last Christmas. I like it I had a great-great grandpa and great-great-grandma, but they are both dead. My great-great-grandpa died on Dec. 16, aged 90, and my great-great-grandma,on April 11, aged 82, I have now two grandpas and two grandmas two great-grandpas and two great-grandmas living, I have no brothers or sisters. Love to the 'Messenger.'

FRANKIE N.

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. We have a nice school house and a good teacher, her name is Miss Hawley. I had a little dog that would jump over a stick. I have a cat that will sit up on her hind legs for a bit of bread.

CORTIS LINDSAY J.

HOUSEHOLD.

Potatoes for Breakfast.

We have two or three pet ways of 'warming over' potatoes that may be new to some of our readers. Cut cold boiled or steamed potatoes in thick slices (about a third of an inch thick) and cut these in small squares. To about a pint allow one-half pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of flour. Put the milk in a saucepan, and when scalding hot, stir in the flour mixed to a smooth paste with milk or water, stir till it thickens, then add the butter, salt and potatoes. Simmer gently about ten minutes, stir in the cream, let it just boil up and pour into a warm dish. Of course, the quantity of salt is to be varied at pleasure, tastes differing so widely in respect to seasoning. If cream is not plentiful use milk instead. These potatoes are nice to serve with cold meats.

Another way we like very much is to cut or chop the potatoes, not very fine, and for two cups of the potato put one half-cup of milk and two tablespoons of butter into a saucepan or frying pan. When it boils add a generous pinch of salt and stir in the potatoes. Stir gently until well heated through and turn into a warm dish. Water may be used instead of the milk. These potatoes have a rich, buttery flavor, without the greasy taste which most warmed over potatoes acquire.

Mashed potatoes may be made into a delicious and most attractive looking dish as follows. Boil and mash the potatoes—if you once use a silver fork to mash them with, you will never use anything else — and add butter, and salt, and milk, as usual. Then to a pint of the mashed potato allow one beaten egg, and, if you have it, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream. Butter roll pans, or gem pans, which are much prettier, or a baking dish if preferred. Put the potato in, rounding up nicely, sift a very little flour or cracker crumbs over and put into a very quick oven until nicely browned. If gem or roll pans are used, they should be well heated before being buttered. The potato will turn out beautifully browned all over if the oven is right.

Spots on the Carpet.

When soot is spilled upon the carpet, heat enough bran to cover it, spread it over the place to the depth of an inch or more, and set a hot iron or two on the bran. The heat draws the grease out and the bran absorbs it. One application is usually sufficient, but if any grease remains, sweep the bran off and apply a fresh coating. Ink stains can usually be removed, if treated as soon as the ink is spilled. Take a large, coarse sponge and take up all the ink it will absorb. Wash the sponge, pour sweet milk on the spot, and dry with the sponge as often as necessary to remove every trace of ink. Then wash the place with clean suds, rinse thoroughly, and wipe as dry as possible. Every trace of ink will be gone when the carpet is dry. Blotting paper may be used to absorb the ink if the sponge is not at hand, and the carpet washed with a soft cloth.—N.Y. 'Homestead.'

Two Ways.

Many housekeepers—they can hardly be called homekeepers—wear themselves out fretting over what they have to do. They talk and talk of their duties, and everyone who comes in contact with them hears of the cleaning, and the baking, and the sewing, until they are weary of it. The work of daily living is the theme of conversation when these housekeepers go to the neighbors, or meet acquaintances socially anywhere. Some people really enjoy making martyrs of themselves. They find mountains to climb where others only step over mole hills. They complain and chafe and fret about their work, wasting strength and energy and getting much more worn by their work than others, who know that certain duties must be done, and simply go quietly and cheerfully and do them. These others accomplish much more, perhaps, than those who publish abroad all they have done and are going to do. The quiet of the true housekeeper's house is not invaded by the friction of the machinery. The homekeeper goes about with a pleasant face and no flourishing of trumpets, even if things do not go just as she would have them, There are hitches and hindrances at times in the best of homes, but the homekeeper is master of the situation, instead of letting the situation master her. A guest wondered when her hostess did her work. She never heard a word about it, and yet the house was tidy and things moved on in well-oiled grooves. This young woman had a way of getting things done and keeping them done, so that her own comfort and that of her family were not disturbed. It is a great art this way of homekeeping, and well worth cultivating.—'Catholic News.'

Household Sanitation.

Where does household sanitation begin ? asks Mr. H. M. Plunkett in 'The American Kitchen Magazine.' In the cellar or in the attic? In the front door yard or in the family well? It begins in the mind of the woman who is the mistress of the house. She may be the wife of a laboring man, or she may have had what we call higher education, and know all about the strata of the rocks from the Alps to the Rocky Mountains, and yet not be aware that her house stands on a site so damp that it keeps the inmates in a bath of invisible vapor that is steadily sapping their vital forces, or that there may be an accumulation of vegetable debris in the cellar, that is breeding millions of microbes every hour and sending them up through every crack and cranny, to prey upon their human victims. You say it is the man's business to take care of all that. It may be his duty to hire a man to lay a drain, or to clean out the cellar, but the woman must spur him on to do his duty, for it is she who stays at home, and must bear these ill effects perpetually.

If you do not believe that these vapors and emanations can rise through floors and walls and carpets, open a bottle of ether or boil a few onions in your cellar, and then go to your attic. Your sense of smell will convince you. And don't say that all this talk about bacteria and bacilli and microbes makes you sick, and feel creepy and crawly all over. There are more of them that are beneficent than are malignant, and although the science of bacteriology is only two decades old, it has already done more to abate suffering and to diminish the death rate than any other of the wonderful discoveries of modern science.

Sympathy With the Bread Winner.

A great deal has been said and written about the lack of sympathy with woman's work on the part of men. We are constantly told that men do not understand the annoyances and worry involved in housekeeping, and that many a wife and mother, when the husband and father comes home for the evening meal, has been involved during the day in an amount of care and worry of which the man knows little. Perhaps this has been impressed upon the public by such constant iteration that, on the other hand, women do not always appreciate the strain and anxiety involved in the competition of modern business. Many a man comes home after his day's work tired out to the point of exhaustion. To him the grasshopper is literally a burden, and while, of course, if he is a gentleman, he does not carry to his home the atmosphere of gloom and worry, yet, on the other hand, it is not a time when his own comfort or efficiency in the work of life are increased by having the details of the annoyances of the home rehearsed before he has a chance to get off his overcoat. There is reason for forbearance and sympathy on both sides, and it is well for us to remember that considerable as the annoyances and cares of the domestic life may be, they are probably not greater than those of a man who has to hold his own day after day with the keenest and sharpest rivals, and who feels that his livelihood may be imperilled by faults of judgment or energy.—'Watchman.'

Selected Recipes.

Stuffed Apples.—Select six large apples, and take out the cores. Prepare a filling of grated bread crumbs, a small lump of butter, sugar to taste and a dash of cinnamon. Mash the mixture well together and stuff the hollow in the apples with it. Put them in a hot oven and let them bake until done.

Mutton Broth.—Take the breast and upper part of the foreleg, place in a boiling pot and pour over it four quarts of cold water. When it comes to a boil skim, add one onion and a turnip, chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one cupful of barley, rinsed in cold water. Let this simmer slowly four hours or until the barley is thoroughly done. Serve with croutons.

Fruited Bread Pudding.—Use a bread tin ten inches long, six and a-half inches wide and three inches deep. Fill about one-third full of stale bread, cover with milk and let stand two hours, or until soft. Mash fine and smooth; add two eggs well beaten, one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, nutmeg, two-thirds of a cup of seeded raisins, lump of butter large as hickory nut. Fill bake tin with good rich milk and bake in moderately hot oven. Stir once or twice after it begins to bake to keep the raisins from sticking to the bottom of the pan.

Cream Pie.—Butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, and two eggs stirred together. Add one-third of a cup of milk, two cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred in before sifting into the mixture. Bake in two pie tins for two pies. For the filling, one pint of milk, taking out enough to wet one-half cup of flour, and scald the rest; two-thirds cup of sugar, and yolks of two eggs, stir the filling mixture together and boil for three minutes. When cold, flavor with lemon or vanilla and spread between the upper and lower crusts when cut smoothly apart. Put frosting over the top if desired. This makes two delicious pies.

Potato Dumplings.—Place twelve medium-sized well washed potatoes in a saucepan, cover with cold water and boil till tender; remove the skin and set aside to cool, then grate them or press them through the potato press, mix the potatoes with two ounces of melted butter, two heaped tablespoonfuls of flour, two whole eggs, and one yolk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper; mix all together and make a trial by rolling one dumpling the size of an egg; boil ten minutes in boiling salted water. If the dumpling keeps together and is light, form the remaining mixture into round balls; if it does not keep together, add more flour and one yolk of an egg.

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